MOTHER EARTH

Monthly Magazine Devoted to Social Science and Literature

Published Every 15th of the Month

EMMA GOLDMAN, Proprietor, 55 West 28th Street, New York, N. Y.
Entered as second-class matter April 9, 1906, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

Vol. VII **JULY, 1912** **No. 5**

THE HURRICANE

"We are the birds of the coming storm."—AUGUST SPIES.

By VOLTAIRINE DE CLEYRE

The tide is out, the wind blows off the shore;
Bare burn the white sands in the scorching sun;
The sea complains, but its great voice is low.
Bitter thy woes, O People,
And the burden
Hardly to be borne!
Wearily grows, O People,
All the aching
Of thy pierced heart, bruised and torn!
But yet thy time is not,
And low thy moaning.
Desert thy sands!
Not yet is thy breath hot,
Vengefully blowing;
It wafts o'er lifted hands.

The tide has turned; the vane veers slowly round;
Slow clouds are sweeping o'er the blinding light;
White crests curl on the sea,—its voice grows deep.
Angry thy heart, O People,
And its bleeding

Fire-tipped with rising hate!
Thy clasped hands part, O People,
  For thy praying
Warmed not the desolate!
God did not hear thy moan:
  Now it is swelling
To a great drowning cry;
A dark wind-cloud, a groan,
  Now backward veering
From that deaf sky!

The tide flows in, the wind roars from the depths,
The whirled-white sand heaps with the foam-white waves;
Thundering the sea rolls o'er its shell-crunched wall!
  Strong is thy rage, O People,
  In its fury
Hurling thy tyrants down!
Thou metest wage, O People.
  Very swiftly,
Now that thy hate is grown:
Thy time at last is come;
  Thou heapest anguish,
Where thou thyself wert bare!
No longer to thy dumb
  God clasped and kneeling,
Thou answerest thine own prayer.

ON LIBERTY

By VOLTAIRINE DE CLEYRE*

ONE of the speakers has said he is here in the interest of "good government"; so am I. But you know the brutal saying of some white man about Indians: "The only good Indian is a dead Indian." In my opinion, the only "good" government is a dead government.

I am in the habit of writing out what I have to say in advance; the reasons are several, but the principal one governing me in the present instance is, that I am speaking not only to the people here, but before a censorship so ignorant that it can neither understand nor correctly report what it does understand; and in the event of my being called to account for what I did not say, I wish to be able to show in writing precisely what I did say. And in the event of my being pulled off the platform by the police before I have opened my mouth (as has happened to me before now), I may be able to say, "Here is what I would have said."

Alas, this censorship! This thing of large biceps, large necks, large stomachs, and pyramidal foreheads! It sits in judgment upon things spiritual, things moral, things social, things scientific, things artistic—laugh, O Muse of Comedy—all things which it knows nothing about. It sits and decides upon the iniquity of words which have not been spoken; out of the profundity of its nether stomach, declares that to be seditious which no man has yet heard. Ah, when Emma Goldman shall next lecture upon the Modern Drama, let her not forget this drama of the censorship, wherein avoirdupois is the hero, and the people of America—if you please, the scientists, the artists, the teachers, the literateurs—are the pitiful clowns. Let us appreciate to the full the working of this fine sixth sense which has entered into the corporeality of the police, that spacious corporeality, permeating them with power to divine that what a man or a woman has not yet said *is going to be* dangerous to the order and welfare of society.

---

* Speech delivered by Voltairine de Cleyre at the Cooper Union Meeting, June 30, 1909, held to protest against the suppression of free speech in New York and Philadelphia. The speech is characteristic of our departed Comrade's breadth of view and revolutionary spirit, and its republication is especially appropriate at this time.

Anent this same censorship and its perspicacity, and information, I had an illustration some years ago, at the beginning of this wave of good-guardianship which we are now enjoying. The moral guardians of my city, who are every once in a while caught stealing and receiving stolen goods, conceived that it was important to protect the frequenters of a certain co-operative society against the sale of Anarchist literature. They paused therefore at the stand by the door and began the censoring task. Among the rest there lay on the desk the little booklet of verses which I have here, "The Worm Turns." As its title would indicate to those not gifted with the sixth sense—the censorship sense, so to speak—it is a collection of rebel protests. The censor, however, looked it through—carefully, and laid it down. A second censor, a revisionary censor I presume, approached, picked it up, and inquired, "What's this?" "Oh," said number one, "that's all right; that's something about worms."

It happens that the first line of the first stanza of the first poem reads thus:

"Germinal! The field of Mars is ploughing—"

I presume the censor thought that Mr. Mars, some worthy Pennsylvania farmer, no doubt, having turned up a clod or so with his plough, had probably discovered mischievous "worms" therein and set his wits to work to rid the field of them; and then to turn an honest penny by imparting to his fellow farmers the peculiar turning methods of the worms and how to circumvent them.

Indeed, when we consider what liberty one time meant in America and what it means now; when we consider the ease with which our censors forbid anything at all which happens to come into their—sixth sense, and the supineness with which the people in general accept these interferences; when we see the terrorizing methods of the sixth-sensers in their determination to crush what little dignity there may be in hall-keepers, by threatening them with the arrest, not only of themselves, but of their wives and children, if they rent halls to whomsoever the police shall designate as under the ban, and the abject submission of the threatened; when we consider that the main activity

in life, for the great majority of all the people, is grubbing and crawling and bending to get food and drink, —perhaps—perhaps the censorship is right in thinking that the whole subject "is something about worms." Verily, when I learned a short time ago that a man whose name has been identified with the cry of the "suffering ages" as one of the spokesmen of the disinherited, had declined to sign the Demand of the Free Speech Committee, I felt that we were indeed dealing with annulates, not vertebrates,—creatures with rings in their bodies instead of spines, and that the old religious phrase "a worm of the dust" was no mock self-depreciation, but a bare fact; I felt the burning shame of Gerald Massey's words shoot through me like a flame:

"Smitten stones will talk with fiery tongues,
And the worm, when trodden, will turn;
But, cowards, ye cringe to the cruelest wrongs,
And answer with never a spurn."

It is the people's fault far more than the fault of the police that these outrages upon the freedom of expression take place. I do not mean you here, who by coming and sitting here on this sweltering night, have shown where your sympathies lie. But what are you in number compared to the millions of New York City?

If the people in the mass cared, the police would not have dared. If the suppression of a great fundamental freedom appealed to the mass as much as a baseball umpire's decision, there would be meetings from one end of the city to the other, to make known the sentiment of the people in regard to these attacks upon liberty. The fact is there is but a handful which cares anything about the matter; and the question is how far is this handful able to make itself heard? How determined are we, who do want free speech, to wring that right out of the rest?

There is but one way that free speech can ever be secured; and that is by persistent speaking. It is of no use to write things down on paper, and put them away in a store-room, even if that store-room happens to be the Library at Washington, and the thing written is that "Congress shall make no law abridging the free-

dom of speech." That's like anything else put away on a shelf and forgotten. *Speak, speak, speak,* and remember that whenever any one's liberty to speak is denied, your liberty is denied also, and your place is there where the attack is.

Of late these attacks have centered upon one personality—that of Emma Goldman.

Emma Goldman is my friend, and my comrade; and upon all large principles our thoughts are close kin. But were she as much my enemy as she is my friend, and were our thoughts as bitterly opposed as they are sympathetic, I should still say that an attack upon her freedom to speak was an attack on mine, and my business was to be there to resist.

Freedom of speech means nothing, if it does not mean the freedom for that to be said which we do not like. I have seen statements in reputable newspapers, such as the Philadelphia *Inquirer* and the *Press,* to the effect that the only proper place for an Anarchist is the end of a rope swung to a lamp-post. Certainly I am not of that opinion; I think all hanging is brutal and barbaric; and I should naturally have a particular objection to its being applied to me; but those papers have a perfect right to say it, just as I have the right to say that the sayers have the souls of hangmen. And I will stand for their right.

There will come a time when with a lightning-like clarification the mass of the people *will* become conscious of this need of freedom. Just how, when, or why it will take place there can be no certainty; but it certainly will take place, just as it always has done in the past, when the measure of tyranny has gone overfull, and those who crept and crawled have suddenly realized that they had spines.

When the old iron tongue in Independence Hall clanged out from its brazen throat, "Proclaim liberty throughout the land to all the inhabitants thereof," Oh, this wasn't the sort of thing they were dreaming of! Liberty was alive and awake then, and quivering down to the finger tips in all the people. It sleeps now, a long, cold, dim sleep; but not forever. There will come a dawn, sharp and white, and liberty will be awake then—in that hour, when, in Kipling's phrase, "When

the dawn comes up like thunder." It is at such periods that declarations of freedom are made, which afterward fall into disuse; nevertheless, some forward leap is taken which is never altogether lost. Until such time it must be the task of freedom lovers to carry a torch through the darkness; and this we will do, even if we have to carry it through dungeon stones. And we know what prisons mean: they mean broken down body and spirit, degradation, consumption, insanity,—we know it all; but if that is the price that we must pay, be sure that we shall pay it.

UT SEMENTEM FECERIS, ITA METES

(To the Czar, on a woman, a political prisoner, being flogged to death in Siberia.)

By VOLTAIRINE DE CLEYRE

How many drops must gather to the skies
Before the cloudburst comes, we may not know;
How hot the fires in under hells must glow
Ere the volcano's scalding lavas rise,
Can none say; but all wot the hour is sure!
Who dreams of vengeance has but to endure!
He may not say how many blows must fall,
How many lives be broken on the wheel,
How many corpses stiffen 'neath the pall,
How many martyrs fix the blood-red seal;
But certain is the harvest time of Hate!
And when weak moans, by an indignant world
Re-echoed, to a throne are backward hurled,
Who listens hears the mutterings of Fate!

VOLTAIRINE DE CLEYRE

A TRIBUTE

THE death of a personal friend always brings with it a sense of sadness and a desire to extoll the virtues of the departed. It is a human trait, and we would not have it otherwise. After all, the future to us is what it was to Omar:

"There was a door to which I found no key:
There was the Veil through which I could not see:
Some little talk of Me and Thee
There was—and then no more of Thee and Me."

Thinking thus, it is good that we often see our friends as we never saw them in life. Despite this feeling of ours—for we have it—we are on this occasion restrained from indulging in the usual expressions by "Ghosts,"—that is, by the feeling that Voltairine would protest against them if she could. Thus the thought of the dead dominates us as if she were with us and speaking.

We knew each other about sixteen years, possibly seventeen, and it is hard to think we shall never more have those intimate chats or exchange thoughts as we did on so many occasions. She suffered much from ill health; in fact, her life for over twenty years was one long martyrdom, and to regret her escape would be a poor expression of our long and intimate friendship. As to extolling her virtues, she would be the first to scoff at such a weakness.

After the shooting episode in which her life was endangered, she took a trip to Norway for her health, and on the return journey she visited London and spent three weeks with me in my home. A meeting was arranged for her at South Place Institute—long the home of Dr. Moncure D. Conway—and she delivered her lecture on Crime and Criminals. I was to act as chairman, and on the way to the hall she said; "Now, Harry, cut the heroine business." To do the right thing at the right time is so abnormal in our time, it seems impossible ever to overlook it. Because a crazy youth had tried to kill her, and she, believing herself near death, had refused to identify the man and later on had worked for his release, she was never

allowed to forget it. Revenge seems so implanted in the hearts of men, it is kindness bordering on lunacy to shield one's assailant. Only a day or two since we read of a Catholic priest suffering agonies because some one in confessional had given him a clue to the murderers of his brother, and his priestly vows were a bar to bringing them to the gallows or electric chair. His sense of revenge was being cheated and therefore outraged. Voltairine had been bored to death by the flattery she had to endure from chairmen of her meetings, hence her remark, "Cut the heroine business."

A woman of great talent, she was "unfit" to survive in this society. With a style that was classic, she was unable to get a living by her writings, because they burned with white heat indignation against all that bourgeois society holds dear. She turned to teaching to obtain the poor living that was hers. Teaching young men and women, Russian Jews, for most part, the elementary things necessary to get along in the world, she wore herself out in the struggle. Her pupils were usually very poor and could afford to pay but little, so she earned insufficient to keep herself even in moderate comfort. This continual struggle for a mere existence prevented her doing much of late years in a propaganda way. Her chief work was in the life she led, her adherence to principles, and her ever growing hatred of the shams and hypocricies that men and women indulge in. Such lives are in themselves a potent force for freedom, even though they do little speaking and writing. To love liberty and hate slavery, to espouse the cause of the downtrodden against their oppressors, to remain true and pure amidst all the defiling elements around us, is indeed a herculean task. This is what Voltairine did. Place, power, or flesh pots never enticed her from her desire to live the life she considered men and women should live. A producer of real wealth—knowledge—she gave far more than she received. If "economic determinism"—the excuse for most of our violations of principle—restrained her from doing as much for the Anarchist movement as she would have liked, it never caused her to stray from the straight and narrow path she laid out for herself. Perhaps after all

there is no obligation resting upon any of us to be consistent to our principles; certainly none but those that are self-imposed. If we affirm principles which become irksome to us because of our material needs or desires, we are justified in violating them. We cannot but admit, however, that adherence to ideals and principles represents a higher type of individual than those who wander from them because of certain appetites. Voltairine's strict adherence to principle restricted her activity, but she was as she was and could not be different.

The lot of the revolutionist is fraught with many disappointments and many heartburnings, and Voltairine was no exception to the rule. In spite of the fits of pessimism that came over her from time to time as to the results of our propaganda, she never wavered in her determination to struggle or in her desire for freedom. Her recent appeals for the Mexican Revolution show how deeply she felt. She struggled for an ideal without hope or thought that she might share in its realization. It requires courage to struggle for any ideal, even when it seems close at hand; it requires far more courage and greater devotion to struggle for the ideal in itself, regardless of when it shall be realized. The latter was the case with Voltairine.

Idealist, true friend, talented woman and lover of freedom, hewing to principle to the very last,—such was she whom I am proud to call friend. Voltairine de Cleyre, comrade, soldier of freedom, I salute!

HARRY KELLY.

❦ ❦ ❦

MY acquaintance with Voltairine de Cleyre was of long standing. I first met her in Chicago, shortly after the Haymarket tragedy. It was at a free thought congress, held for the most part in Madison Street Theatre. She was then a young girl, queerly dressed and with two long thick plaits of hair hanging down her back. When on the platform she wore a sort of Roman toga, and the effect was queer and unique. In her discourse she was rhetorical, showy, and a little shallow. Notwithstanding these

drawbacks, the impression was general that here was a new and distinct force, a new and unique personality, and that only time was needed for her development. She became one of the most forceful figures in the free thought movement, and at several congresses I met her again, notably at the one held at Portsmouth, Ohio. Here she delivered the most important address of the day, on the subject of her own mental development. It created great interest, and was valuable as showing the advance that had been made in the few years of her public life.

About twenty years ago I moved to Philadelphia and a much closer friendship grew up between us. She had been living for some years with Jas. B. Elliott, in West Philadelphia, and I visited them several times, and we met often at the little meetings of radicals which are always being held in that city. She was earning a living at this time by teaching, the English branches, music, French. Later on she went to New York, but soon returned to Philadelphia, and had to work hard to reëstablish her practice as teacher. It was a difficult task, and she lived in great distress.

It was at this time I got the notion that I could help her a little. I have always been gloriously and independently poor, and here was some one poorer even than myself and in greater need, so I induced Voltairine to come and take her evening meal with Mary Hansen and my family. The meals were badly cooked and worse served, but there was in the conversation and intellectual intercourse something that made them the happiest meals I have ever shared. We used to sit at ease and talk about books and ideals, and I found her to be the best of good company. She was highly educated along narrow lines, but she knew very little of the great stretches of life and literature, and although my own knowledge was and is incoherent and formless, yet I had been an omnivorous reader and had knocked about the world a good bit, and there was much that I could tell her of both books and men. At this time we read together many of the great classics, and it was a great delight to hear her criticism and appreciation. She was a very fine reader, and when she was first introduced to Keats'

poetry her enjoyment was immense; she read the "Ode to a Nightingale" with the tears streaming down her face. I doubt if that poem was ever read with more or truer feeling than on that occasion. On the whole, her taste in books was sane and sound, but there were many erratic likes and dislikes which require an intimate knowledge of her personality to explain. She cared little for Shakespeare and much for Olive Schreiner; Swinburne was glorious, Whitman hardly interesting. Her taste was sadly at fault about writers like Lamb or Wordsworth, but for the great, vibrant, revolutionary writers she had a perfect passion. We used to read together the "Rubaiyat" of Old Omar or the "Ballad of Reading Gaol," and then it was in effect a religious service. It was about this time that the Philadelphia comrades began to use my home as a gathering place, and I kept open house for many years. In this way a closer friendship of the comrades with Voltairine and each other was made easy.

Thus my acquaintance with her continued for more than twenty years. I learned to know her many faults and failings. She was by nature reserved and difficult of approach. She had hardly any sense of humor. She did not love children, and was impatient of ignorance and stupidity. And in art she was an aristocrat, and would not for any consideration do less than her best. Impromptu speaking she despised and only under great pressure would she attempt it.

But on the other hand, she was kindness itself to the unfortunate and unsuccessful. I have never known any one who had so much sympathy for dumb animals. In fact, she made the house a hospital for misused cats and dogs. Her industry in her chosen work was immense. I have known her regularly to begin the hourly lessons at 7 A. M. and continue them till 11 or 12 P. M., especially on Sundays. Her patience under her life-long suffering from inherited disease was heroic. Of her heroism under the chance blow of fate, as when she was shot by a crazy pupil, or when she was maltreated by the police powers and thrown into prison, every one knows. But few know how sweet a companion she was, how staunch a friend. And only

those who were close to her can judge her fairly. To me she was the most intellectual woman I have ever met; the most patient, brave, and loving comrade I have ever had. She spent her tortured life in the service of an obscure cause. Had she done the same work in some popular cause, she would have been famous and the world would have acclaimed her, as I believe her to have been, the greatest woman America has produced.

Arden, Del.

GEO. BROWN.

❦ ❦ ❦

VOLTAIRINE was unlike most of us, who spend our time in getting ready to do things, only to find that when the moment of action arrives, we have wasted our strength and exhausted what enthusiasm we started with.

Often in the old days have I marvelled at the will strong enough to force that frail body forward.

For I have stood beside her, while she lay utterly exhausted and between the gasps of pain formulated the plans for the morrow; and should the morrow bring no relief, then the day or even the week following, for she never gave up once having decided what was the right thing to do.

About twelve of the twenty years during which I knew her we spent together eating, sleeping, working in the same house, and I found her the greatest woman I have ever known.

Great, because, when forced out into the world, frail and slight as she was, often as sick in spirit as body, she wrung a living from it. And in such a manner as to leave every step of the way better for her coming. And though she stood for a principle which few understand and many vilify, she forced ever her enemies to respect her.

She was ever ready to defend the weakling—criminal if you will—since she saw him only as the misshapen product of an unjust social system.

Teacher, scholar, poet, lecturer—she was all of these and yet a woman of the people, a friend of all humanity, ready ever to defend the downtrodden. With sympathy for all mankind, of whatever creed, or color,

she asked nothing for herself that she would not have had them share. Such was Voltairine, one of the bravest, truest spirits that ever breathed, and there is no tribute I can make which would express all she meant to humanity at large and to me who have known and loved her through many years.

Though stunned and numbed by the feeling of great loss, I cannot feel sorry that she has gone, and really hope that there is no other life through which she must drag that frail, tortured body of hers.

And the monument she raised to herself, despite fate, should stand after the stones have crumbled into fine sand and been swept far and wide in the many oceans.

Will her name even then be whispered as one who sought to do good unto humankind.

MARY HANSEN.

VOLTAIRINE died so unexpectedly, I can hardly realize even now that she is no more. We were such constant and intimate correspondents for the past six years—almost till her last days—that I still cannot free myself from the peculiar feeling that I may get a letter from her at any moment.

She has been in our midst too recently for us to be able to appreciate fully her exceptional character, brilliant mind, and revolutionary activity. We need better perspective of time to estimate correctly the influence and inspiration she exerted on her comrades and the movement.

But this I know: Voltairine was a martyr, as truly as any one that was ever crucified by a stupid and petty world.

Some die for their ideal; fewer live for it. And I am quite sure that it is much harder and requires more character and strength to live in accordance with one's purpose and ideas, than to die for them. Such are the greatest martyrs, and of them was Voltairine.

Most of us, even revolutionists and Anarchists, often conform, trim a little here, compromise a bit there, and too often we persuade ourselves that the means justify the end. But only those means justify the end which

are in their character and tendency in accord with it; and then they are *of* the end, a part of the end itself. If not, then the means gradually master us, and finally master our end.

This we all know; it is history, and it is personal experience. But how few of us dare admit it even in the solitude of our own heart; how few have the courage and honesty to question their activity and life, and ask themselves, *Do* my means justify my end? are they in accord? are they one and the same?

Voltairine had the courage and the honesty. Her whole life was motived by unswerving devotion to the cause she had made her own, by never-conforming and never-compromising loyalty to herself. She was human: she had her faults and failings; black days of doubt and agony of despair. But because of them she towered a giant above her time, for—human as she was—she yet proved victor. She was too strong in her humanity to be the plaything of Circumstance, that "inexorable" master of all ye that are weak in spirit. She would not be dominated by the Dominant Idea of the Age, nor yet by the power of her immediate environment. For the really strong, even if they cannot change their environment, do not suffer the environment to change them.

Thus Voltairine de Cleyre went her way, standing almost alone, often embittered by apathy and corruption and the lack of understanding even among friends, yet growing stronger and firmer in her isolation. For she was one of those rare spirits whose staunch devotion to the ideal permeated her every act and every breath of her life, and gave strength and encouragement to all her friends and co-workers in the cause of uncompromising Anarchism.

Her life was a protest against all sham, a challenge to all hypocrisy, and an inspiration for social rebellion.

I am proud to have called you friend and comrade, Voltairine! I do not mourn your death—your poor body is freed from pain, and your spirit is victor! You were one of those who, in your own beautiful words, "choose their own allegiance and serve it. Who will say a word to their souls and keep it—keep it not when it is easy, but when it is hard—keep it when the storm roars and there is a white-streaked sky and blue thunder before,

and one's eyes are blinded and one's ears deafened with the war of opposing things; and keep it under the long leaden sky and the gray dreariness that never lifts."

Such as you, Voltairine, that "hold unto the last," Circumstance cannot break. They make and unmake Circumstance, for in them is "the immortal fire of Individual Will, which is the salvation of the Future."

ALEXANDER BERKMAN.

VOLTAIRINE DE CLEYRE MEMORIAL

THE death of our comrade Voltairine de Cleyre came very unexpectedly, for notwithstanding her long siege of poor health and her more recent illness, the latest news, prior to that of her death, was hopeful. The first thought of many comrades, as expressed in the large international memorial meetings held in various cities, notably in Chicago, Philadelphia, and New York, was the publication of our comrade's works in a more permanent form than they are at present.

The initial steps in the matter have been taken by the close personal friends and co-workers of Voltairine de Cleyre, at a gathering in New York, July 9th, at which were present Leonard D. Abbott, S. Yanofsky, Alexander Berkman, Harry Kelly, Joseph Kucera, Hippolyte Havel, and Margaret Perle McLeod. After a thorough discussion of the different phases of the project, the conference constituted itself a committee for the publication of the works of Voltairine de Cleyre, and has issued the following appeal, which is to be sent to the radical press of Europe and America:

TO FRIENDS AND SYMPATHIZERS:

In the death of Voltairine de Cleyre the libertarian movement has lost one of its most talented and devoted workers. For nearly twenty-five years she has by voice and pen championed the cause of the downtrodden, and with a courage equal to her great ability stood for light and liberty.

Owing to ill health her voice has not been heard so frequently of late years, and her best work was done with the pen. Her poems, essays, and reviews have in-

spired thousands in their fight for freedom, to an extent impossible to measure. In the interest of libertarian thought and the struggle for a larger life, as well as a testimonial to her great talents and devotion, a committee of Voltairine de Cleyre's personal friends and co-workers has been selected to gather and publish her works. Many poems and articles, as yet in manuscript, are in hand, and these, with her published works and a biographical sketch, will be issued in two volumes, making a fit monument to one of America's greatest women. That it will be an arsenal of knowledge for the student and soldier of freedom, none who knows the depth of her thought and beauty of style will dispute.

Contributions to the Publication Fund are earnestly solicited. Donations and advance orders can be sent to Harry Kelly, care of MOTHER EARTH, and to S. Yanofsky, office of the FREIE ARBEITER STIMME, 30 Canal St., New York.

Necessary information will be supplied by Margaret Perle McLeod, Secretary of the Committee, 78 Putnam Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

❧ ❧ ❧

ANARCHISM—The philosophy of a new social order based on liberty unrestricted by man-made law; the theory that all forms of government rest on violence, and are therefore wrong and harmful, as well as unnecessary.

ANARCHY—Absence of government; disbelief in, and disregard of, invasion and authority based on coercion and force; a condition of society regulated by voluntary agreement instead of government.

FREE COMMUNISM—Voluntary economic co-operation of all towards the needs of each. A social arrangement based on the principle: To each according to his needs; from each according to his ability.

OBSERVATIONS AND COMMENTS

WHEN all other arguments against Anarchism fail, we are usually told: But we must have order, and order can be maintained only by government.

If that is true, why then all this chaos of bloody disorder under the auspices of government? Throughout the country, from Homestead to Pullman, from Hazelton to San Diego, in Lawrence, Newark, Perth Amboy, and Hastings, everywhere the murderous suppression of the people and of their elemental rights demonstrates the meaning of "order" in the governmental sense.

Order under the law signifies the stifling of every human right, the iron-heeling of the worker for the benefit of a handful of rapacious exploiters. Order under government fully answers to Tolstoy's definition of the State: *organized violence.*

* * *

ON the 22nd of June four members of the Junta of the Mexican Liberal Party—Ricardo Flores Magon, Enrique Flores Magon, Librado Rivera, and Anselmo L. Figueroa—were tried in Los Angeles on the charge of violating the neutrality laws. An "impartial" tribunal convicted them and they were each sentenced to twenty-three months' imprisonment.

The prosecution against these Mexican revolutionists was based entirely on perjured testimony. Witnesses coached by the State claimed to have been enlisted by our comrades. They were proved perfect strangers to the defendants, but that did not matter. The land-robber government of Madero and American high finance were bent upon revenge, and an "incorruptible" judge was prepared to do their bidding.

On the other hand, it is an open secret that the American government has itself been repeatedly guilty of violating the neutrality laws in regard to Mexico—when it served its interests: first it was to support Diaz against the uprising of the Mexican people, and then to aid Madero to crush the revolution after he had made peace with American capital.

Law, thy name is hypocricy and brute force.

DISCUSSING the Italian-Turkish war, a prominent magazine thus argues the necessity of militarism:

A Power which really desires that the peace of the world shall be kept has no moral right to provoke the predatory instincts of mankind by remaining unarmed or by neglecting its defenses. The world is not, as some people would like to believe, and as we ourselves should like to believe were it possible, a kind of polyglot Sunday-school, but a fierce and dangerous place where those who are unprepared to defend themselves are certain to provoke attack, and where the road of safety and peace lies through the possession of physical force.

Capitalism makes no bones about the justification of physical force to attain its aim, whether it be land-grabbing or the subjection of labor. The plutocrats know that it is not a question of right and wrong, of majorities or minorities. A cowardly majority, with every "right" in the world on its side, is always at the mercy of a determined minority. And this will ever remain so, until the despoiled and oppressed, whether they be many or few, will realize that only strength commands respect and will learn the "justification" of every weapon to assert life and the enjoyment thereof.

* * *

THE business men and other respectable "interests" in San Diego, Cal:, still continue their régime of white terror. Free speech is entirely abolished, not only within the area proscribed by the move-on ordinance, but throughout the city. I. W. W. men and other rebels are still being beaten, maltreated, and suppressed in every way. The Governor of the State has been appealed to in vain. The report of Commissioner Weinstock, unconditionally as it condemns the well-dressed and respectable mob, has brought no cessation of the outrages. Even the presence in the city of the Attorney-General has been powerless to prevent the repetition of vigilante barbarites. The Spreckles interests are determined to exterminate the very name of labor unionism in San Diego, and there are signs of this white-cap plague spreading to other cities.

The press, with few exceptions, is silent. Public opinion is dormant. Are the I. W. W. and the free speech fighters to allow themselves to be annihilated? The respectable business and professional patriots of San Diego feel perfectly safe in their outrages: they are

supported by the local authorities and are accountable to no one. Under these conditions a dose of their own medicine will do the vigilantes good and will put a quicker and more effective stop to their atrocities than all petitions to Governor, legislature, or Congress.

* * *

WHEN a capialist scribbler refers to some mob outrage as "Anarchistic," he may perhaps be excused on the ground of ignorance. But what shall we say of Socialist writers who persist in characterizing the San Diego savagery as "a state of Anarchy"? Is it sheer idiocy or calculated misrepresentation?

For the benefit of those apt to be misled by the vicious misrepresentations of journalistic whores—be they capitalist or Socialist—it is necessary only to mention that the very essence of Anarchy is non-invasion. Anarchy means social harmony conditioned by individual liberty; it signifies freedom from rule, and absence of man-made laws, which are always invasive and oppressive.

* * *

WE confess that we are somewhat at a loss to understand the agitation among Socialists over the circumstance that a certain judge refused a man his citizenship papers on the ground that he was a Socialist.

The purpose of true Socialism is to overthrow existing social, political, and economic institutions. But these have the constitution as their basic law, their fundamental justification. Can any one consistently work for the abolition of capitalism and at the same time pledge himself to uphold the constitution?

The Anarchists, enemies of every contraption for the oppression of man—whether it be known as statutory or constitutional law—have long since been legally declared inelligible to citizenship. And we are proud of it. To paraphrase Thoreau: When honest men are branded criminals, what right has an Anarchist to be found anywhere except among the outcasts?

Once upon a time it was considered a terrible calamity to be excommunicated from the Church. To-day it is a matter of indifference to most people

whether the pope bless or curse. We look hopefully forward to the time when political excommunication will have become as empty a threat as church excommunication is now.

* * *

THE disgusting ado of the political conventions—what is it all about? Even the most stupid understand that no question of principle is involved. The political hucksters belong to two camps: the one is in possession of the flesh pots, and refuses to give up; the other is wild to get closer to the rich sources of corruption, to share in the graft.

And the "Nation," the ballot herd? Oh, well, they are permitted to take their choice of the two brands of public thievery, and the whole show is labelled the "sovereignty of the people."

* * *

WITH deep admiration and awe future generations will listen to the story of the great quadrennial event in the life of the most enlightened country of its time, the United States of America.

Every fourth year—the learned men will relate—recurred the solemn occasion. All ordinary pursuits were suspended, and a great peace descended upon the people. Men and women traveled from afar and gathered with their fellow citizens, and with many expressions of love and devotion took counsel together over the well-being of the people. A great quiet pervaded the assembly, and men sat in deep contemplation, for the fate of a great Nation hung in the balance, and the weal or woe of the eighty million people depended on the outcome of the wise and calm deliberations.

And the great quadrennial event was universally known as an American Presidential Year.

* * *

JOLLY rhymes of children's fairy tales, where the spoon runs off with the cook, and little mice catch and devour cats.

Nor are these fairy tales believed by children only. Apparently grown-ups talk with sober mien of governmental investigation of the money kings, and never crack a smile as they discuss the chances of the bureaucratic mice devouring the trust cat.

READERS of French history are familiar with the rôle played by the Swiss guards. They were the "faithful" myrmidons bought by the royalty of France to protect their castles and courtesans.

A close resemblance to the Swiss guards of the last century is to be found these days in the students of Harvard University. They are the faithful janisaries of the money kings. In the textile strikes in New England they acted as voluntary executioners in the service of capital, and repeatedly they have made themselves infamous as scabs, snatching the bread from the mouths of the starving babes of striking workmen.

A contemptible crew! The Swiss guards at least had the excuse of ignorance. But these Harvard Cossacks pretend to be the *élite* of the American college youth.

* * *

VERY interesting things are happening in the Eldorado of the Labor Party and State Socialists—Australia and New Zealand. State Socialism is fast progressing there on the road to failure. The prophecy of the State worshippers that the struggle between the rich and the poor will grow less intense, and that the social chasm will be gradually bridged by the passage of labor laws, has proved a snare. The so-called labor laws have conferred a great blessing upon the masters; they have enabled them to send strike leaders to jail for inciting discontent and causing a stoppage of work without the consent of arbitration boards. The employers may cut wages, increase the hours, and heap indignities upon labor, but the workers must not resort to strikes without permission of the proper authority.

These "labor laws" were presumably passed in the interests of "the third party to a strike"—the good, suffering public. But in reality the law serves to paralyze every effort to improve the condition of labor "without governmental permission." The only party to profit are the masters.

Naturally, under these conditions the situation is becoming unbearable. Coal strikes and other labor disturbances are breaking out throughout the country in spite of the law against strikes, and the armed hand of authority is ready to stifle the discontent of the toilers with club and bayonet.

Simultaneously with the increasing number of illegal strikes is also growing the anti-militaristic spirit. It is directed especially against the statute introducing conscription. Cases of refusal of military duty are accumulating. Opposition to this despotic departure has grown so strong that the authorities fear to apply the law in its full draconic force. The imprisonment of a large number of young men for refusing military duty is creating a great deal of active discontent. Thus, fortunately, the situation points to a speedy disintegration of this Eldorado of reformers and State worshippers.

* * *

IN every country syndicalist ideas are rejuvenating the labor movement with new vigor and energy. That is especially apparent in England, where the trades unions seemed to have gone to seed. They mostly served some leaders as stepladders to political advancement, and, as a result of indirect political and capitalist leadership, they had become quite unfit to carry on the battle of emancipation.

More than that, they were a constant menace to international proletarian solidarity. Repeatedly within recent years English workers had lent themselves to strike-breaking on the Continent. No wonder. Organizations that fail to inspire their members with the spirit of resistance and struggle for an ideal, quickly deteriorate and lose the power of solidaric understanding and effort.

Militant syndicalism has declared war against this stagnation. The call of direct action and general strike is rousing the sleeping giant of labor. The awakening is already bearing good fruit. The strike of the transport workers, with over 100,000 men participating in the struggle, has thrown the challenge to State and Capital, and given the enemy a hint of what may be expected in the future.

These first lessons show once more that in reality the whole social organization rests upon the workers, and that the day of their submission to political phrases and the empty promises of misleaders will not continue much longer.

STATE SOCIALISM AT WORK

By MAX BAGINSKI.

SINCE Socialism became infested with politics and politicians, it has grown to be a hindrance and a positive danger to the labor movement.

The proceedings at the recent Convention of the Socialist party in Indianapolis, and the platform adopted there, clearly prove that the party has delivered itself soul and body to the politicians. The main object of the convention seems to have been to clean its skirts from the least suspicion of revolutionary tendencies, and to go on record as a most desirable and law-abiding body. It was chiefly concerned with demonstrating to the voting masses its bourgeois respectability and feverishly anxious to excommunicate the revolutionary element. The leaders came to the convention determined to raise such a solid wall around the party that not the least ray of syndicalist, proletarian aspiration should glimmer through. Sabotage was voted a crime, and direct action and the general strike put under the ban. No words were minced in avowing that the Socialist party is a vote-gathering machine, pure and simple, and that the common citizen may safely cast his ballot for it, without fear of in the least disturbing existing "law and order."

The following amendment which is to be submitted to the referendum vote, leaves no doubt as to the position of the Socialist party:

"Any member of the party who opposes political action or advocates sabotage or other methods of violence as a weapon of the working class to aid in its emancipation, shall be expelled from membership of the party. Political action shall be construed to mean participation in elections for public office and practical legislative and administrative work along the lines of the Socialist party platform."

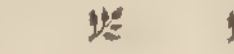
This was a hint "with a lamp-post" to Haywood and his followers, who fully understood it and meekly submitted to the superior wisdom of the would-be party statesmen.

What is dished up in the platform as "principles" is nothing but lifeless centralism and thinly masked government monopoly. The government—State and federal—is the great Savior. It need but "take over" the railroads, telegraphs, mines, etc., to usher in the millennium for labor. All experience shows that the workers in State-owned industries are enslaved and exploited even more than by private employers. But the Socialist platform editors have carefully avoided mentioning that. The expressions collective, public, democratic, coöperative are synonymous in the Indianapolis platform with governmental, bureaucratic, centralistic. Evidently the Socialist statesmen were ashamed to present State monopoly and governmental bureaucracy in all its unmasked repulsiveness.

There is not a word in the long-winded document about labor associations to regulate production and distribution according to the needs of the people, without recourse to governmental or private ownership, as true Socialism teaches. It is the State and always the State whose praise is sung as the great Savior. What matter if the State, as all history proves, is the arch enemy of labor, tyrannizing, oppressing, and slaughtering the masses. It is only necessary to vote the Socialistic candidates into office, and the State will at once be transformed from a wolf to a lamb, and become the benefactor of society—just as in England and France, where the Burnses and Millerands have climbed into office upon the backs of the workers, and then turned traitors to labor by becoming the strongest pillars of the much-hated plutocratic government.

Let the Socialists continue on this way. The road is short, and it ends in a blind alley. In Europe political Socialism has done great harm to the labor movement because it has succeeded in duping the masses with superficial, revolutionary-sounding phrases. In this country, however, the game will not last long. The reverends, lawyers, and other Socialist politicians offer to the people such an empty, bare program, so entirely devoid of anything to inspire enthusiasm, that they can at most snare only an occasional middle-class vote. The direct economic struggle of the American proletariat against State and

capital is constantly becoming more intense and compelling, and the great mass of the workers will not be deceived by the crude clap trap of State Socialism.



THE POWER OF THE IDEAL

> The man whom I touch, when he bends to pick up gold, he sees suddenly a light over his head in the sky; while he looks up to see it, the gold slips from between his fingers, or sometime another passing takes it from them.—Olive Schreiner, in "A Dream of Wild Bees."

PROBABLY no other trip in all my experience has better demonstrated this truism. So often it seemed as if we had but to bend down to pick up gold. But always there appeared a light over our heads in the sky; and while we looked up to see it, the gold slipped from between our fingers. Thus it must always be with him who is touched by the Ideal.

It is as hard to explain the peculiarities of cities as of human character. The most generous person often displays very petty traits. Equally so the city that often receives new ideas with open and ready response, will on some other occasion display absolute indifference. Thus Portland, for many years among our most hospitable cities, proved very cold and inert this time. Yet there was no lack of effort. True, our able organizers, Agnes Fair and the Holzwarth comrades, were missing; but Comrade A. Raymond was no less eager to make our meetings successful. At any rate, he left nothing undone, ably assisted as he was by Pauline Cantor and several other faithfuls, who helped to distribute cards and dispose of tickets. Then, too, there was an unusual amount of publicity by the generally chary Portland press. Some Grand Army men felt outraged because their hall was to be "contaminated" by a lecture of E. G. The worthy patriots threatened to raise a rumpus, which was grist in the mill of the newspapers.

The threat was not carried out, its only result being that we were refused several hotels, and that for many

hours we were forced to join the great unknown, whose daily abode is the public park. But having tasted nature's hospitality on former occasions, this did not affect us as much as the subsequent disappointment that the unsought-for sensation failed to bring out even the former Portland attendance.

Our meetings, except the first Sunday, were small and the audience inert. It was indeed a cold douche on top of the hot wave in California. I understand that the extremes of hot and cold are beneficial for some bodily ills, but I would never advise such treatment for mental troubles: the shock is very disconcerting and leaves a painful impression. Fortunately, our friends always help to overcome the hardest shocks. Little Pauline Cantor, Kitty Beck, C. E. S. Wood, and other friends made our stay in Portland endurable, though all else failed.

However, fate has not ordained that we should be overlooked for any length of time. Long before we made for Seattle it appeared as if San Diego was not to remain alone in its patriotic delirium tremens. A yellow sheet, the Seattle *Times,* jealous of the national "glory" of the San Diego *Union* and *Tribune,* began a mad campaign of American flagomania. "The flag must be protected. The city will not stand for Anarchism. Will not some patriots save Seattle from the treasonable utterances of E. G.?" and so forth.

Of course, the senile patriots and Spanish war veterans suddenly discovered their lost youth, and called on the Mayor to prevent me from speaking. When the Mayor insisted upon every one's right to free speech, the "law-abiding, liberty-loving American patriots" declared they would stop the dangerous woman by force of arms.

It does not take long to arouse a patriotic heart to violence. Hence the hall keepers were terrorized, the Mayor was worried, and our own comrades, with San Diego still fresh in their memory, felt anxious for our safety. And we? Well, the power of suggestion had us in its grip, and we actually expected a repetition of San Diego,—five hundred "brave soldiers" meeting us at the train. But whether the yellow sheet had concocted the story, or the "heroic" veterans had lost

heart, there were no soldiers at the depot nor at any of our meetings, so far as we could find out.

"God save us from our friends; from our enemies we can protect ourselves," certainly applied to the SEATTLE situation. Mayor Cotterill, as I understand, has Single Tax tendencies, and that may account for his brave stand against the *Times* and its barking. He was, however, very anxious about our safety, and in his zeal to protect us did our meetings no end of harm. He turned out the whole police department, with the result that we had police in front of us, back of us, on the side of us, police watching the hotel, crowding our meetings, spreading themselves everywhere, even on the roof of the hall and in the lavatories. They even searched some people for weapons, all for the sake of our "protection."

Not being accustomed to such a display of official affection, we had to beg the Mayor to relieve us, especially as the ungainly sight of so many brass buttons frightened the people away even more than the threatened presence of the war veterans.

The first half of our visit in Seattle was anything but restful for delicate nerves, but after our "protectors" had been withdrawn, the timid ones—and they are always in the majority—took courage and our meetings ended as usual, with flying colors.

Seattle has never been an easy burg to arrange Anarchist meetings, but this time it required extraordinary maneuvring and hard work to make the venture at all possible. Comrade Sam Hammersmarck acquitted himself handsomely by his skill and indefatigability. With him was dear Jennie Lavroff and several others of the old guard, ever ready to help when they are called upon. Through their efforts, reinforced by our faithful mascots, Ben Capes, Joe Edelsohn, and "Mickie," the situation in Seattle was saved.

SPOKANE, Wash., was gratifying, mainly because of the fine, solidaric spirit we met with among some members of the I. W. W. Walter Smith, the editor of the *Industrial Worker*, undertook the arrangements of the lectures, and when every other meeting place was refused us, the I. W. W. hall was willingly turned over to our use. Furthermore, Ed. Baily, the secretary of the

local I. W. W., his wife and several other comrades helped faithfully in every respect. This was particularly inspiring because, prior to Spokane and when we were hard pressed for a lecture place, another group of I. W. W. acted very shabbily in refusing us their hall. But, then, no movement is quite responsible for all its adherents.

COLVILLE, Wash., is a mental graveyard. The greater is the courage and perseverance of our Comrade Otto Weik, who for several years has been trying to kindle the fires of life in that dead spot, but I fear me much he will not succeed. However, I was glad to have gone down, if only to assist our heroic comrade in his untiring struggle. Besides, it also gave me the opportunity to meet again our friend Mrs. Langdell, more delicate in health than ever, but as full of spirit and enthusiasm as of yore.

BUTTE, Montana, proved a great treat. It brought us back to the warm, tender friends of old days, Annie and Abe Edelstadt. When I look back upon the human panorama that passed my gaze during the last twenty-three years, the Edelstadts stand out as among the few, the very few, who have remained pure and true in their idealism, in spite of the economic grind, poor health and all sorts of adversities. Which merely proves that character is stronger than environment, stronger than external forces.

Like many other small trades people, the Edelstadts depend for their livelihood upon those living near them. Yet never have they denied their ideas, nor yet forsworn their colors. It is, no doubt, because of this great loyalty and devotion that our friends are so respected, revered, and loved. Would to goodness more of our comrades dared admit the things they stand for, since example more than theory is the potent force.

Our three indoor meetings made up in quality what they lacked in quantity, but the street meeting in behalf of San Diego surpassed anything we had ever before experienced in Butte. As a rule, I do not relish outdoor propaganda, because it is next to impossible to concentrate on a subject with the thousand noises of the street to combat, nor does it seem that a street

audience can be interested for more than a brief moment. But our experiences in Butte proved an unusual and most fascinating event. Fifteen hundred people glued to the spot for nearly two hours, with an attentiveness and earnestness I have rarely found in a hall. It was a wonderfully inspiring occasion, not easily forgotten.

The few joyous days spent with our comrades Annie and Abe, Sadie and Albert Edelstadt, and Sam Stein, would have made our short stay in Butte a real holiday but for the very sad news that reached us there of the death of our brilliant and uncompromising Comrade Voltairine. The memory of her helped to knit us closer together in our determination to continue the work for which our dead comrade, more than any other native Anarchist, lived and worked so faithfully.

In the next issue of our magazine I shall give a resumé of our long, difficult, and interesting tour, and the lessons to be drawn from it. But one thing I know already, and it were well for every idealist to know, that "the gold slips from between his fingers, who looks up to see the light over his head, in the sky."

EMMA GOLDMAN.

P. S.—San Diego still looms up in interest wherever we come. Since our last acknowledgement the following amounts have been contributed:

Seattle, Wash	$82.45
Spokane, Wash	9.78
Butte, Mont	21.00
Denver, Colo	14.80
Total	$128.03

The money has been forwarded to Kaspar Bauer, Treasurer, Free Speech League, San Diego, Cal.

Also collected for the defence of Ettor and Giovannitti:

Spokane meetings	$17.00
Butte meetings	11.00
Total	$28.00

Spokane amount turned over to E. S. Baily, Sec'y, I. W. W.

BRITISH JUSTICE

(*Correspondence from London.*)

OUR old Comrade Malatesta is doing three months in prison owing to the "fair play" which is such a tradition of our Courts of Justice. He quarrelled with an Italian, an ex-Anarchist—with whom he was at one time very friendly—on account of the war in Tripoli, Malatesta taking an anti-war attitude, the other—Bellelli—taking the patriotic side. Malatesta and his comrades here issued a paper against the war, and Bellelli told several people that Malatesta had sold himself to the Turkish Government. This roused Malatesta, who issued a challenge to Bellelli, saying, "People say that you are an Italian spy. You say I am a Turkish spy. Let us call a court of honor. I will prove how I earn every cent I spend. You can do the same. This will clear both of us. As an honest man, you must do this." This was printed and distributed among the Italian colony. Bellelli thereupon sent MS. to a printer and got proofs of a leaflet he intended to issue, but at the last minute (probably at the instigation of the police) he told the printer to destroy everything and then charged Malatesta with publishing a criminal libel about him.

Comrade Malatesta was sent for trial, and at the Central Criminal Court on May 20th he was sentenced to three months' imprisonment, to pay the costs of the trial, and recommended for deportation as an undesirable citizen. The trial was prejudiced all the way through with charges of Anarchism, and when the jury had returned a verdict of "Guilty," a political detective (Powell) went into the box and launched a long tirade against Malatesta (not on oath), stating that he had been expelled from every country in Europe, had supplied materials to the Houndsditch burglars, and was the associate of coiners. The hypocritical judge, in passing sentence, said: "The Court does not take into account the fact that you are an Anarchist," and then gave him the before-mentioned punishment. Immemediately protests came thick and fast, some of the papers on the Government (Liberal) side coming out

very strongly against the intervention of the political police. We organized a large meeting (15,000) in Trafalgar Square, which had a good effect on the public generally. Meanwhile, on the advice of some friends who believed there *must be* some justice left in the courts, Malatesta appealed to a higher court; but this appeal failed utterly, the judges brushing it aside contemptuously. The appeal to the Home Secretary, however, had better results, as on June 17th he stated there would be no deportation; but he could not alter the imprisonment. There the matter stands at present, but we are not relaxing our efforts. A number of other protest meetings are to be held soon.

The result of the case is a blow to the political police and a great sale of Malatesta's pamphlets. He will probably serve the rest of his time in the infirmary of the prison, owing to his ill-health; but our old comrade will surely have no better opinion of English "justice" after his experiences.

The expenses of the appeal and meetings and printing, etc., have been very heavy—probably about £250—so any help you can send will be welcome. This £250 does not include the cost of our comrade's trial, which he is condemned to pay.

Fraternally,

T. H. KEELL.

EDITORIAL NOTE

WE hope that the appeal of our English comrades will find a generous response. They have made a brave fight against the persecution of our beloved Comrade Malatesta, and all friends and sympathizers should come to their aid.

MOTHER EARTH SERIES

Bound volumes Mother Earth		@ $2.00
Psychology of Political Violence	Emma Goldman	10c.
Anarchism: What It Really Stands For	Emma Goldman	10c.
Marriage and Love	Emma Goldman	10c.
Patriotism	Emma Goldman	5c.
What I Believe	Emma Goldman	5c.
Anarchy Versus Socialism	William C. Owen	5c.
What Is Worth While?	Adeline Champney	5c.
The Right to Disbelieve	Edwin Kuh	5c.
Anarchism and American Traditions	Voltairine de Cleyre	5c.
Crime and Punishment	C. D. Light	5c.
The Dominant Idea	Voltairine de Cleyre	5c.
Anarchism and Malthus	C. L. James	5c.
The Modern School	Francisco Ferrer	5c.

ANARCHISM

And Other Essays

By EMMA GOLDMAN

¶ Including a biographic SKETCH of the author's interesting career, a splendid PORTRAIT, and twelve of her most important lectures, some of which have been suppressed by the police authorities of various cities. This book expresses the most advanced ideas on social questions—economics, politics, education and sex.

Second Revised Edition

Emma Goldman—the notorious, insistent, rebellious, enigmatical Emma Goldman—has published her first book, "Anarchism and Other Essays." In it she records "the mental and soul struggles of twenty-one years," and recites all the articles of that strange and subversive creed in behalf of which she has suffered imprisonment, contumely and every kind of persecution. The book is a vivid revelation of a unique personality. It appears at a time when Anarchistic ideas are undoubtedly in the ascendant throughout the world.—*Current Literature.*

Emma Goldman's book on "Anarchism and Other Essays" ought to be read by all so-called respectable women, and adopted as a text-book by women's clubs throughout the country. . . . For courage, persistency, self-effacement, self-sacrifice in the pursuit of her object, she has hitherto been unsurpassed among the world's women. . . . Repudiating as she does practically every tenet of what the modern State holds good, she stands for some of the noblest traits in human nature.—*Life.*

Every thoughtful person ought to read this volume of papers by the foremost American Anarchist. In whatever way the book may modify or strengthen the opinion already held by its readers, there is no doubt that a careful reading of it will tend to bring about greater social sympathy. It will help the public to understand a group of serious-minded and morally strenuous individuals, and also to feel the spirit that underlies the most radical tendencies of the great labor movement of our day.—Hutchins Hapgood in *The Bookman.*

Price $1.00 By Mail $1.10

ORDER THROUGH YOUR BOOK DEALER OR SEND TO

Mother Earth Publishing Association

55 WEST 28th STREET, NEW YORK